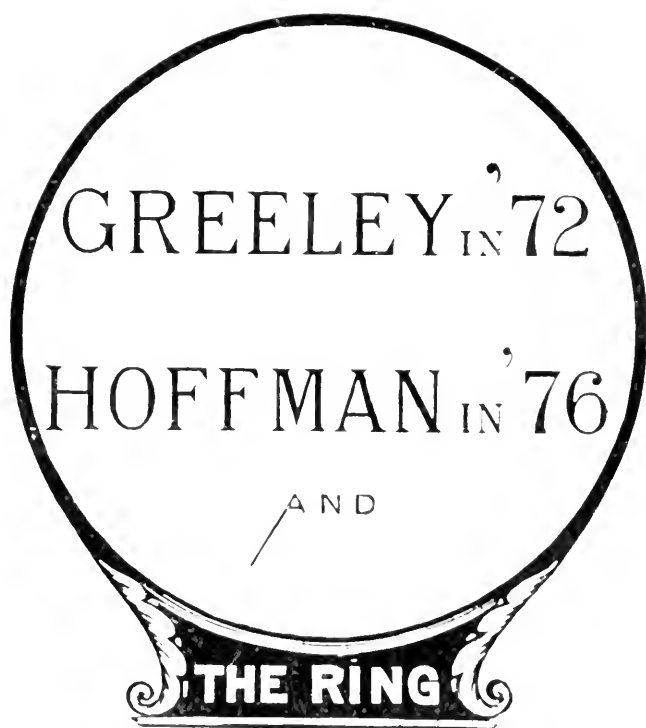


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PRESIDENT GREELEY,
PRESIDENT HOFFMAN,
AND THE
RESURRECTION OF THE RING.

A HISTORY OF THE NEXT FOUR YEARS.

BY
PHARAOH BUDLONG.

WRITTEN IN THE SECOND WEEK OF NOVEMBER, 1876.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS.

“Veels vithin veels.” — MR. SAMUEL WELLER.

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PRESIDENT GREELEY, PRESIDENT HOFFMAN,

AND THE

RESURRECTION OF THE RING.

CHAPTER I.

CONCEPTION.

BUDLONGTON, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1876.

WELL: John T. Hoffman is the Centennial President of the United States, — for the four years of their second century, ending March 4th, 1881, and William M. Tweed is to be his Secretary of the Treasury, just as I said four years ago, when the late Horace Greeley was elected. See my communications to the press at that time (strictly anonymous, however), *passim*. Nobody believed me. I said also that Mr. Greeley would use his whole first term in manœuvering for a re-election, and that if he didn't get it, it would kill him. Nobody believed that, either. We do now, however, I suppose, having in our hands Hoffman's eloquent funeral oration, and also the touching obituary discourse delivered in his place in the Senate by Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, well known to have been Mr. Greeley's chief political adviser; and knowing as we do that Gratz Brown is at this moment President of the United States, and will be so for the coming three months and a half.

Now that things have come out as I said, however, I shall just set down a brief record of the Greeley administration, its conception, birth, life, and death. It's as good as a play, besides being a useful contribution to history, and a convenient manual for politicians. I having been Private Secretary to a prominent member of one of the National Party Committees during the past four years, I know whereof I affirm; and if I should be called a traitor or any of those things for unbagging such a covey of cats, all I have to say is, that I haven't

had the consulship to Timbuctoo that was promised me. I want to know if any thing more was required to justify me in telling all I knew, and all I didn't know too, if I liked, about everybody in the (political) world?

Everybody knows that presidential nominations are arranged by a few wise men in advance of the formal proceedings of conventions. It is needless to explain this particularly, since the terrible exposure which President Greeley's organ, "The New-York Tribune," has published (occupying three whole pages), of what it calls the Infamous Treachery of the Hoffmannites. No wonder the venerable Greeley was smitten to the very heart by such faithlessness; for it is absolutely proven that not less than three hundred and eleven of those who voted to nominate Hoffman at the Peoria Convention had been positively pledged to vote for Greeley by name, first, last, and all the time.

True, these Judases said they had been convinced that "Old Greeley" could not be chosen, and that Hoffmann could; and they said they'd done just what the great Greeley himself did four years ago, and sacrificed their principles and promises for the good of the nation. But "The Tribune" has pretty plainly shown that ever so many of them were further convinced by the prospects of good things in the future, — little pocket Canaans, so to speak, into which they were let peep from some Pisgah in some hotel parlor before the crossing of that nominating Jordan, the Convention. It is no wonder, I say, that such awful wholesale Iscariotry should have been fatal to our revered number two Franklin; should have broken him down, — should have left him, in fact, a mere Franklin — Stove!

But let me get to my facts, or I shall never be through commenting on them.

Various stories used to be flying about, as to Mr. Greeley's bargains with people in New York State, in October of 1871, and divers other months, for his nomination at Cincinnati, in June, 1872. Nonsense. Mr. Greeley's chief bid was that for the Southern white vote. He knew very well that if he could conciliate the ex-rebels, he might be sure of the Northern Democrats. That was the object of his Southern tour in 1871. That was the arrangement decided upon in fifteen minutes' talk with Jeff. Davis at Memphis. But it was a very risky, nitro-glycerine sort of secret, and was handled with corresponding care, and not handled at all unless absolutely necessary. Not more than three or four of the leading Southern

managers knew of it, and about as many of the Tammany men, up to the February before the nomination. You see, arrangements like that must not be touched off until the right time, and when they're started they mustn't stop.

The Greeley presidential campaign was finally planned at a meeting in New York in the end of February, 1872, at which I was present. It was a very interesting occasion, and as soon as I had got away I made a full record of all the proceedings. My experience as a reporter enables me to vouch for the account as verbatim or else better.

The meeting had been called in the quietest possible manner, and not one human soul knew of it except those invited. No reporters knew of it. Not even a surmise that there was to be or was or had been any such meeting ever got into print until this day; which shows that a secret can be kept. The process is simple, — don't mention the secret, and don't mention that there is a secret.

Hon. Jefferson Davis, the senior politician present, called the meeting to order, and took the chair, informally but decidedly, and spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen: This meeting is informal and for business only. I shall be as brief as possible. To prevent any misunderstanding, I will state the points as to this meeting as plainly and shortly as I can. The gentlemen invited to this meeting have been selected as representing four classes of influential politicians, to wit:—

First. Conservative or regular Democratic managers, including the Southern men.

Second. Progressive Democratic managers, or "New Departure" men. The fact is, not one of these gentlemen has accepted; but no Democrat will feel troubled by this; every one of them will fall into line at the proper time.

Third. Republican managers dissatisfied with the present administration.

Fourth. Rising newspaper men. For these are the "fourth estate" in politics as well as in administration.

[As this neat and original classification was stated, I looked around with a smile. Sure enough, that was the arrangement. Either three or four of each of these descriptions were present; and every one, like myself, was smiling. The venerable Chairman smiled too, but only for a moment, and went on:.]

Now, gentlemen, further: Unless a complete mistake has been made, the single political object of each man present is

S U C C E S S.

[The word was spoken as I have printed it, — in small capitals, with the letters distinct, and in the middle of a considerable blank space. A consciousness of what that one word meant — and of what it didn't mean too — thrilled through the company as the professor used to thrill a ring of us boys with a charge of electricity. There was a kind of voiceless response, — if one may say so, an immense, silent Hooray!]

Of course (continued the speaker), every man here is absolutely safe, — *absolutely safe*. I say this only that all the points may be brought before you, gentlemen, not because it is supposed to be necessary. But our consultation and its results must be as dead a secret until after the election of 1876 [Sensation.] — Yes, gentlemen, I mean it — until after the election of 1876 — as the purpose of calling this meeting has been ever since Mr. Greeley's tour in the South.

[At these weighty words, it was beautiful to see the gentlemen getting new light. A species of transfiguration took place in some of them, so did their faces shine with the brilliancy of the prospect thus opened up, like a hollowed pumpkin with a lighted candle suddenly put inside; and even the less foresighted partook of the exultant glow of their neighbors, although they could not say why. You see, those last thirty-odd words unveiled the whole plan, — Greeley in 1872, a Regular Democrat in 1876. But it was long ago remarked that at Waterloo, the plan of battle of each of the great commanders there was extremely simple. Mr. Davis, looking around him with perceptible satisfaction, went on:]

I see, gentlemen, that you take me. Well, then, there is the less need of my saying any more. I shall, therefore, only add a suggestion for the sake of facilitating business. I shall suggest a plan, and shall then request your views on it, or any alternative. This is a much clearer mode than to ask each man for a plan. And I assure you that I am perfectly ready to abandon the scheme I shall suggest for a more hopeful one. I desire success only.

My plan is this: *First*, Let there be a concert of action between the disaffected Republicans and the Democrats, by means of a Reform movement irrespective of mere politics. This, I may observe, gentlemen, is already agreed on, although it may be given up, of course.

Second, Let the first nominating convention be ostensibly by Reform Republicans, and let it nominate Horace Greeley.

Third, Let the regular Democratic convention nominate him also.

Fourth, Let the Democracy then use the Federal patronage, and reconstruct their own political organization as to nominate and elect in 1876 — JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

[Absolutely irrepressible applause, which became almost frantic as Mr. Davis, stepping across the room, shook hands with Governor Hoffman across the bloody chasm. When there was a little quiet, Mr. Davis stepped back and sat down, only saying:]

There, gentleman: now, will you please to offer? I reckon we shall not disagree as to the first speaker.

Loud cries (of course) of "Hoffman! Hoffman!"

The governor, thus called upon, proved himself equal to the occasion, and followed suit, thus: —

"Gentlemen, thank you very much. I should like to be President. I believe my nomination in 1876 will carry New York. I know of no other way to reconstruct the frame of the Democratic party. And I believe that any required amount of funds will be forthcoming to carry out this plan. Hay, Mr. Tweed?"

"You know how it is yourself, Johnny," said Mr. Tweed, with his usual affable smile. "That's so, every time. The rocks is ready for that are plan, by God! and I don't know of a damned cent for no other plan, nuther, by God Almighty! That's what's the matter. Put it right there, governor!"

And Gov. Hoffman and Mr. Tweed shook hands across the bloody chasm.

The following gentlemen now gave in their cordial adhesion to Mr. Davis's plan, mostly with a few words of admiration for its simplicity and evident effectiveness: namely, Mr. Charles A. Dana, Mr. Benjamin Gratz Brown, and Mr. Robert Toombs; and the same interchangeably shook hands across the bloody chasm.

"What do you say, Senator Fenton?" asked Mr. Jefferson Davis, as there was a sort of pause.

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Fenton, "I hardly know — it's so sudden, and so great an undertaking — I should hardly feel free" —

And he paused, and ended with an agreeable smile, bestowed upon the company at large.

"Very good," observed Mr. Davis, in his decided way, "this plan is the plan of the Hon. Reuben E. Fenton,

stock, lock and barrel. Mr. Fenton sent Mr. Greeley on his tour to the South; he gave me every one of the points I have laid before you. He has arranged the preliminary organization of the disaffected Republicans. Unto Mr. Fenton, in short, be the glory! You *shall* have it," he continued, in reply to a deprecating look and gesture from the New-York statesman; "you *shall* have it. This is the Palace of Truth. Not that we couldn't tell a lie if we tried, any of us. But, for the success of our present enterprise, it is an absolute necessity that there should be the fullest and most perfect plainness of understanding among ourselves as to all matter of fact. The whole plan is Mr. Fenton's. I suggested a point or two of secondary importance, and I claim the credit of appreciating it, and accepting it, and setting to work on it; no small credit, in my opinion. What Mr. Fenton proposes to have is the Secretaryship of State under President Greeley."

And Mr. Davis and Mr. Fenton shook hands across the bloody chasm; although I could see that the latter gentleman was not without some discomposure at the use of such immense plainness of speech.

There were now raised some objections. It is with reluctance that I expose my own weakness; but the truth must be told: I made, I am afraid, the only really silly suggestions of the occasion; unless those by the gentleman after me be also so considered.

"Mr. Chairman," I observed, "it appears to me that Mr. Greeley, so far as the management of public affairs and intercourse with gentlemen is concerned, is a hog and a fool. He will therefore do a great deal of harm, I fear, if made President."

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Davis, with the utmost blandness, "that's exactly what we want. All the good he does, if he *should* blunder into any, we Democrats will take care to get the credit of. All the evil we will see charged over to his former political friends and principles and practices. Let him jump. He's like a horse in a mill. He *must* grind our grist."

"But," I persisted, "Mr. Greeley is so obstinate that nobody will be able to manage him."

At this, there was a great shout of laughing. Everybody, even demure Mr. Fenton, I believe, fairly bawled.

"Allow me to ask," rejoined Mr. Davis, "if my young friend has had the advantage of Mr. Greeley's personal acquaintance?"

"No," I said.

"Ah! why, bless your heart, there's two absolutely certain ways of managing Mr. Greeley. You can bully him with ease, if you do it judiciously, and you can flatter and coddle him into any thing whatever."

By this time I began to understand that I might as well hold my tongue in that sanhedrum of sages, and I said no more. "Thank God, I'm not too proud to learn: I'd rather learn than talk any time."

Mr. Theodore Tilton spoke next, beginning pretty nearly as follows: —

"Mr. Chairman: I have long been an intimate personal friend and unqualified admirer of the great and good man" —

"Please be as brief as possible, Mr. Tilton," interrupted Mr. Davis: "we *can't* have any thing but business; we *can't*, really."

Mr. Tilton rather gobbled in his throat for a few moments upon this brusque intimation: he seemed to struggle to repress an immense quantity of utterances that wanted to get out. Finally he began again: —

"It is, with great sacrifices of personal preference," he resumed, "that I am constrained to protest against the proposed nomination."

Here every man pricked up his ears; for every man believed that this rising newspaper man, so highly valued for tact and good management, was on the point of suggesting some important omission in the edifice about to be set up.

"I protest, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," continued this impassioned young speaker, "because the proposed plan is not right!"

Here the Hon. Reuben E. Fenton arose promptly, and hauled Mr. Tilton to one side by main force. He drew him, as it happened, into a corner close behind my chair. Of his brief discoursing to the young patriot I caught these words, — "every gentleman here" — "most influential and lucrative" — "your well-known commanding talents and important and influential position" — "very high post."

During this "buzzing," as I believe a chemical process is termed by the best authorities, Mr. Tweed, I observed, wore a scurvy grin, and winked at Gov. Hoffman, who, however, did not wink in reply, nor speak with his feet, nor touch with his fingers either. As all these habits are included in Solomon's diagnosis of the wicked man, I say Gov. Hoffman is not wicked. The process was concluded by Mr. Tilton's answer,

which was in a somewhat less guarded tone than Mr. Fenton's, insomuch that I heard him say:

"The position you have named is satisfactory. It appeals to an honorable pride; for I feel myself Born to be a Commander of Men."

Mr. Tilton now returned to his place, and, expressing his gratitude to his friend Mr. Fenton for enlightenment, gave in his unqualified adhesion to the plan; while Mr. Tweed grinned harder than ever, and so indeed, I believe, did every other man in the room. As for the post, I wavered, as I remember, in my own mind between a wardenship of a State's Prison and the Generalship in Chief of the armies of the United States; as these confer a sort of authority much of the same magnificent and despotic kind implied by Sultan Tilton's lofty boast. It does not appear to me that subsequent developments have entirely borne out the promises of Mr. Fenton.

The remainder of the proceedings on this occasion were of subordinate interest, as relating mostly to matters of detail or of mere management, such as appointment of officers and so on. I may observe, however, that the plan so very ably conceived and stated by Mr. Davis was adopted with but little further remark, and the chief practical rules were laid down upon which the campaign was to be conducted, and the whole plan followed out to completion. For instance, it was agreed that a certain number of Democratic papers should assert the continued existence of that party, — enough to keep up what lawyers call a "continual claim," and keep life in the title; but that the principal outcry during the campaign should be, that both the old parties were dead, and that the Greeley movement was not a party one at all — indeed not political even, so much as patriotic — a shaking hands across the bloody chasm, in fact; the spontaneous uprising of all good men in order to put the best representative of American intelligence and virtue into the place of a brutal and ignorant despot, and to purify every stream of political activity and public business from the fountain to the sea. A fine picture!

I shall add, for my own part, what the meeting principally taught me, myself. It was a couple of definitions; and I well remember thinking them over as I walked home the evening after the meeting.

1. A POLITICIAN IS FIRST OF ALL A MAN WITHOUT ANY POLITICS.

2. The Government of the United States is not in the voters; nor in the President and Congress; nor in the nominating conventions; but in the party managing committees.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH.

IT would be entirely superfluous to tell again the ancient and fish-like tale of the Cincinnati Convention. This body very dutefully registered the decrees which had been prepared for them. They didn't know this, but the managers did, and that was enough. So of the Baltimore Convention, which, as one of the more rural delegates shrewdly observed, "jest chewed the Cincinnati cold vittles over again." Nor is it needful to recount in detail the quadrennial fury of the Presidential campaign, with its wonderful waste of time, temper, money, morals, and work. What a ridiculous and monstrous item is such a campaign on the wrong side of our national profit-and-loss sheet for the year. Let's see: every man may enter the numerical items to suit himself, if he don't like mine.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

| Dr. | | Cr. | § |
|---------------------------------|----|----------------------------|---|
| To business flat all the year, | \$ | By saving the country once | |
| To cash paid, party expenses, | | more, to balance in full, | |
| To same, other party, | | of course. | |
| To legitimate cost of election, | | | |
| To time lost, 8,000,000 voters, | | | |
| each one day. | | | |
| To time lost, hearing speeches, | | | |
| "procceshing," &c., | | | |

There was the usual quantity of every thing, I believe, during this period. Probably each of the speakers, each of the capitalists, each of the wire-pullers, and each of the editors,

who assisted in the great work, is of opinion that he individually was the main cause of Mr. Greeley's success.

I know better. Napoleon himself put the imperial crown on his own head on his coronation day. *Mr. Greeley himself decided the election.* I cannot but feel proud of being able to throw so much light on the truth of American politics as this little book affords. And as the act in question is a brilliant proof of those very "executive qualities" in Mr. Greeley which ill-wishers of his have most vociferously denied him, I should be inexcusable if I concealed it. It was in itself decisive evidence of broad views not only in politics but in religion; of self-sacrifice; of absolute genius in devising expedients; of the promptest energy in applying them; in short, of all the principal merits of the imperial prototype already named, and whose statesmanlike management of the Egyptian Moslem doubtless gave Mr. Greeley the hint.

Thus it was: When the furious and exhausting canvass of 1872 was drawing to a close, the managers on the part of Mr. Greeley, in making up the final balance-sheet of States, came to a conclusion, not then for the first time reached in presidential campaigns, — that if Mr. Greeley could carry the two great States of Pennsylvania and New York, his election was certain; that if he gained one and lost the other, it was doubtful; that if he lost both, he must lose the election. I myself footed up the two columns of votes for and against, which indicated this result, and I remember very well the quiet way in which Senator Fenton said, —

"Yes, — exactly so. Now let us canvass those States, and see how *they* stand."

We went over them accordingly, town by town, by the reports of the local committees; added the two couples of long columns; and our problem converged. It was plain that if Mr. Greeley should carry the cities of New York and Philadelphia, he would carry the two States, — if not, not.

"Well," said the Senator again, in his quiet, pleasant way, "let's go over the two cities once more." And he added, under his breath, "Confound that registration!"

Governor Hoffman, who sat by, recited softly, — I didn't know before that the Governor knew his Shakspeare so well, —

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

But Mr. Fenton only shook his head, with an air of depre-

cation, and turned to the canvassing reports again. The third examination resulted not precisely like the others: it showed sums total so evenly balanced that unforeseen accidents might obviously exhaust the small margin which must be all that could be allowed on either side. One judicious poster on the morning of the election might decide it. — one single loud lie well told. It was a fearful exigency. Long did the committee ponder and discuss; but like the devils in Pandemonium, they—

“Found no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

As they were breaking up for the day, in came Mr. Greeley, to see what the day had brought forth. They laid the question before the sage.

“Well, gentlemen,” observed the moon-faced man of Chappaqua, “I’ve thought of just that thing. I’m going to carry New York and Philadelphia, myself, individually, by the Mormon vote.”

At this entirely original suggestion in American politics we all opened our eyes.

“The Mormon vote, Horace?” said that familiar person, Theodore Tilton, “What can you mean?”

“Mean, you damned fool!” said the indignant sage, “I mean that I’ve been doing a little arithmetic. Your stuff about the vote is all very well as far as it goes. But I didn’t know there was so much ignorance of real statistics in the whole world as there is in this room, or was before I came in. Every child of two years old knows that the census of 1870 showed the number of Mormons in New York City alone to be 3,247, — no, 3,249; and in Philadelphia 2,363. Comments by the — I mean, all I have to do is to bring in their vote. I made up my mind to do it three weeks ago. They are damned intelligent, those Mormons; and they don’t waste their time voting at all, as a general thing. But I can fetch every man jack of them. I’m nine-tenths of a Mormon myself, already, as a Universalist. We don’t believe in the divinity of Christ, they and I; and such a community of belief goes a great way. It’s just got me the public indorsement of Mr. Barnum. In short, gentlemen, I’m above prejudices in matters of religion; and we all worship one common Father, as Napoleon observed to the muftis of Cairo. I have resolved to join the Mormon communion. I would have Young for Secretary of State too, if necessary; and I have trustworthy information of three ladies that I can have sealed to me at

fifteen minutes' notice; Mrs. Woodhull, Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, and Mrs. Josephine McCarty, who shot at Thomson at Utica the other day. She's editing a paper now: she would do as managing editor of 'The Tribune,' if necessary."

CHAPTER III.

LIFE.

SUCH was the real means by which our first Mormon president was elected. The country remembers well enough the able editorial which he recited as an inaugural; nor would it be useful, nor is it a part of my plan, to repeat such formalities as lists of cabinet appointments, and the like. But it will interest all believers in true friendship and disinterested benevolence to know what was to have been Mr. Greeley's own cabinet. The list lies at this moment before me in his own handwriting. As the great and good calligraphist himself is no more, I shall present to an afflicted public this irrefragable proof of his thorough goodness of heart, and profound discrimination of character, in a fac-simile of his well-known and much-lamented script, as on the opposite page.

Whatever may be thought by mere partisans of the merits of this cabinet, or of that which was, in fact, appointed, I suppose there will be no doubt in any sane mind that the loss of such a spectacle as the operations of a band of such statesmen as those, under the leadership of Mr. Greeley, is a loss that can never be entirely made up.

The names of these mighty men, chosen out of the whole nation by the nation's chosen ruler, suggest many enticing speculations. Who would not fain have seen the prowess in his new field of that mighty man of war from his youth up. Mr. John Morrissey, — a champion equally valiant in the tiger-haunted jungle, or in the twenty-four-foot ring? If Mr. C. Vanderbilt, jun., should manage the navy as ably as his father, the commodore, used to manage *his* navy, who knows whether the young gentleman might not one day have his own "ship come in," and be able to repay to his trustful chief that thirteen

Cabinet

War John Morison

Army Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr

Treasury Hon Mr Toledo

State W Colorado Jewett

Interior Daniel Pratt

Army Gen Geo: the Count Spencer

thousand and odd dollars, money loaned? With what watchful interest should we not observe the management of the United States treasury by him who might well be called, as the poet long ago called his namesake river, the Silver Tweed? And only think of the state paper of a Jewett, and the way in which the Great American Traveller would circulate about the Interior, and the colossal opinions that would be drawn up by his Lordship Jones! As for a full cabinet meeting of all these wondrous men, it would be like a congress of six first-class meteors, presided over by the great comet of 1843. (I believe that had the most remarkable tail and cometary structure generally, of all known comets. Mr. Hind, the eminent astronomer, says that the brilliant appendage in question was two hundred million miles long.) But perhaps the human mind, as at present constituted, is incapable of receiving such a conception as this; and therefore, and in part also because the little affair did not come off, I forbear to describe it. I have been told that a good deal of trouble was had before Mr. Greeley could be made to give up this plan, and to accept that which his managers had made for him.

I must not omit one minor but significant trait. It will be remembered that when Mr. Greeley received the news of his nomination, he is reported to have said, "Well, that's funny!" Now, he did say so, it is true; but he said something more, which his guardians thought best to suppress at the time. It will do no harm to mention it now; and it undoubtedly hints at one of the chief joys to Mr. Greeley, of his occupancy of the White House. What he really said on that occasion was this, —

"Well, that's funny! *Guess I've got Seward and Weed now!*"

To come to the main subject of this chapter, — the life of the Greeley administration. This life, being therein an image of human life generally, was double. It had an outward and visible sign, — an apparent phase; and an inward or spiritual grace, — an interior or real phase. In the former sense, its chief features, as is well known, have been for four years consistently represented by the self-styled "Republican" newspapers as one series of disgraces, —

"Shapes hot from Tartarus, all shames and crimes."

But there is a far different interpretation, which I shall give in its proper place. At present I shall recapitulate the items.

Not that my readers have forgotten them; but each touch is requisite to the full strength and harmony of the whole picture, whose meaning can thus be made quite clear by an interpretation of the whole together.

Perhaps the most striking — it certainly was the most noisy — single phenomenon of this whole four years, all things considered, was, the enormous yell of exultation and delight from the whole Democratic press of the South, and most of that of the North. These two wings of one host shook hands across the bloody chasm with an endless ecstasy as intense as if they had not done exactly the same all the time that the chasm was digging and the blood being shed into it. This monstrous outcry is just at this present writing (Nov. 15, 1876) louder than ever, since the culmination of all their wishes in the election of Hoffman, and, it would seem, the definite re-establishment in power of the same old Democratic machine.

There went along with all this glory and delight a very different undertone. This was not very loud, but it was pretty grievous. It was the expression, so far as any expression was permitted, of the pain and sorrow of the negro population of the South at the absolute paralytic, political and mental, which struck them as if by lightning, the instant Mr. Greeley was chosen. The whites of the South have always delighted in secret societies, and have long preserved their favorite political objects by means of them. Such were the organizations known as the Order of the Lone Star, the Blue Lodges, and so on, for the purpose of dealing with Cuba, Kansas, &c. Such was the so-called Ku-Klux, which was so active soon after the Rebellion. This secret society seemed to wholly disappear from about the time when Mr. Greeley's nomination was first seriously intended. But almost instantly after his election, they broke into a greatly increased activity, pervading the South in all directions, and quickly obtaining what amounted to a complete and systematic military control of the country South. No laws could be passed by the State authorities to restrict the education or the franchise of the negroes, for the Fifteenth Amendment prevented. But so long as teaching school or attending school; so long as voting any ticket not Democratic, and often voting or offering to vote at all, was equivalent to the moral certainty of being whipped, mutilated, violated, or shot dead, as the age or sex of the victims should suggest; so long as this system was industriously upheld, it was of small concern to the negroes whether one or another law was

or was not passed. And while these things were done, the Democratic press, with one vociferous accord, denied their existence, hooted and jeered at the very idea, and swore all together that such scoundrelly stories were manufactured out of whole cloth merely to deceive the people and re-establish the vile and unprincipled domination of the Republican party.

The extinction of several branches of industry which Free-Traders are in the habit of calling "artificial" and "monopolies," also took place during Mr. Greeley's presidency, though not quite so promptly as the extinction of negro civilization.

The first House of Representatives chosen after his election had a small but (with careful management) a sufficient Democratic majority; and the more persistent Republican ascendancy in the Senate disappeared more rapidly than was expected, as vacancies were filled by Democratic State legislatures, and various inducements and arrangements were brought to bear upon one and another who held over but did not hold out. The full-blooded Free-Trade Tariff of 1874-5 was then passed, in conformity with President Greeley's promise in his inaugural, that he would acquiesce in whatever decision of this question should be made by Congress, the chosen representative of the American people. As this result had been anticipated of course, all those employed in the iron business, in shipping, in textile and metallic manufactures of all kinds, and in all other industries where European employers pay smaller wages to their workmen than American employers do, had set about closing up their concerns as fast as possible. This, of course, in some measure diminished the severity of the consequent crisis. But it was a mere matter of course that the bankruptcy and other financial misfortunes of the year 1875 were far more serious and injurious than those of 1857, and were far greater in absolute extent than those of 1837, although the greater capital and strength of the country rendered them relatively less.

As the customs revenue was thus given up, the odious income tax was revived, together with excises and the like. The measure of exacting a real direct tax was not ventured upon; but it is well understood that the coming Congress (the first under President Hoffman) will be strongly urged in the message and otherwise to establish such a tax, mainly on the ground that it will be better on the whole than to permit the continuance of so much dissatisfaction, false swearing, dishonesty,

corruption, and resistance of every kind to the revenue department, as has now prevailed for two years.

The business crash of 1874-5 was greatly helped forward by President Greeley's unfortunate measure of stripping the National Treasury of the gold reserve which Secretary Boutwell had so steadily kept on hand in it. Every one remembers Mr. Greeley's slogan in "The Tribune," "The way to Resumption is to Resume," and his persistent summonses to Mr. Boutwell to sell off this money. One of his first measures as President was to insist on the whole of this gold being thrown into the market, and to recommend the law which his first Congress passed, ordering that the United States Government resume specie payments on the first day of July, 1873, being the first beginning of a fiscal year after the new President's message. It was so done. When the gold had been sold, of course the Government had nothing to resume specie payments with. The gold which the Treasury put into the market of course carried its price down, so that it brought only about seven per cent above par in paper. Gold being thus plenty, there was an immediate great increase in the quantity of foreign goods imported; an increase, as always happens in such cases, very much greater than this cheapness of gold justified, even could it have remained permanent. Little excuse is ever needed for extravagance.

Well, in a few days the Treasury had to go to work to buy gold to begin its specie payments with; for the ordinary receipts were far from sufficient. Did the Wall-street men who had paid seven per cent for the Treasury's gold, a little before, sell it back again at that rate? Not they; that is not their style. They live by hard bargains, not by making presents to a government. The price of gold jumped up at once to eleven, fourteen, seventeen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-three per cent, — as high as it had been in 1867, when Mr. Boutwell's steady management had not much more than begun its intended reform of the finances, — a reform now so suddenly strangled. It is true, the Government resumed. But the United States did not resume. Not one bank, not one private citizen in the country, paid specie. Even President Greeley did not venture to recommend a law for enforcing *that*. He might as well have asked a law that water should run up hill. Of course, every bank and speculator who could get any due or over-due government securities crowded them into the treasury; the treasurer bought gold faster than ever, and had to negotiate the well known Redemption Loan, so-called, to get

the means of doing so; the same being placed on harder terms for the United States than any loan made since those of Mr. Buchanan's administration.

Of course, this tempest of speculation inflated and disarranged all business to a most unhealthy extent; and when the troubles of 1874-5 began, the whole of this unsound business, — excessive imports unpaid for, a paper currency almost as much depreciated as during the rebellion, and false financiering at Washington, — was a terrible dead weight piled on top of the troubles from the free-trade measures and their associated laws and operations above mentioned.

Mr. Hoffman's friends are just now loudly promising that when once a real Democratic government shall be established, all these difficulties shall be cured. There is something colossal in the assurance and unanimity of the single voice with which all their newspapers are imputing these troubles, not to the Democratic advisers of the late Mr. Greeley, who helped him into them, but to Mr. Greeley's Republicanism. An odd Republicanism this, which consisted in smashing to atoms the whole financial policy that the administration had been building up so laboriously for four years.

Another measure which President Greeley and his partisans carried through Congress, after a most furious struggle, was that for a commission to prepare for repaying the South its losses in the rebellion, from the national treasury. The main arguments used by the President and his allies are well known, — first, that it was best to shake hands across the bloody chasm; second, that the ex-rebels were American citizens, and that if any American citizens were entitled to re-imbursement of losses by war, they all were. Our later Franklin did not quote at this time the apologue of the earlier Franklin on a similar occasion, about the man who was refused permission to stick a red-hot poker down his neighbor's throat, and thereupon demanded that at least he should be paid for his services in heating the poker. It is true that the attempt, in its first shape of an actual provision for payment on the decision of the commissioners without further legislation, failed; the signs of popular wrath were too many and too powerful to be disregarded. But even the appointment of the commission and its beginning operations was enough to greatly re-enforce the other influences which were disturbing the finances of the country. As is well known, the commission had within two months after its sessions began, received regularly attested claims for losses during the rebellion, including the three heads of slave property,

“Confederate” money and other public securities, and real estate and other personal property lost, destroyed, used, or damaged, amounting in all to a total of nearly thirty-seven hundred million dollars. The commission is still in session, and is yet examining and registering classes of claims. It is perhaps not entirely certain that any of these claims will ever be paid. But the existence of such a mass of mere claims even, is enough to throw a very sickly shade over the complexion of our public funds and private industries too.

As for President Greeley’s office-holders, both at home and abroad, I suppose that his own MS. list, on a previous page, of his own proposed cabinet, is altogether too fair a specimen, namely: out of six men, four fools, and only one scoundrel and one bully. About six scoundrels and three fools to each half dozen of President Greeley’s nominations would too often be nearer the truth. But I shall say little on this point. The country is sick unto death of it already. There has been no such era of defalcations, abuses, corruption, neglect, and blundering, since that lively period made illustrious by the great names of Swartwout and Roorback. And we all know that of the two chief chapters of promises which have done so much to induce the nation to elect Hoffman, one has been a promise of financial reform, and the other a promise to resume that Civil Service Reform which Gen. Grant began, and which Mr. Greeley dropped so instantaneously.

The experiences of Mr. Greeley’s sort of foreign representatives is no better. I shall refer to but one instance out of many. It is easy enough to imagine our “later Franklin,” as Mr. Whittier must have surnamed him from his not possessing amenity of manners, suavity of discourse, and unflinching skill in avoiding to make enemies, — it is easy enough. I am sorry to say, to imagine this later Franklin insulting England, or indeed insulting anybody. But who would ever have thought of his exposing this country to the disgrace of being angrily snubbed for a diplomatic insult, without the possibility of resentment, explanation, or excuse? England is unpopular in America, no doubt, — and everywhere else, for that matter. Her dealings with Ireland are, no doubt, almost as bloody and black a chapter as her dealings with India and China. But the truer this is, the more necessary was it that in our diplomatic intercourse with her we should heedfully keep ourselves in the right, should maintain international decorum and our own self-respect, and this most of all in whatever should relate to her chief internal shame, the Irish can-

cer. And lo and behold, in the face of all this, Mr. Greeley sends a notorious Fenian to the Court of St. James! Of course the Fenian was summarily kicked out. Of course the British minister was instantly recalled from Washington. Of course it was intimated that a proper explanation was expected by the British Court, in order to the resumption of the ordinary amicable intercourse. And of course, as anybody who knew Mr. Greeley would have foretold at this stage of the proceedings, he would neither acknowledge, explain, nor apologize. Editorial experience does not train men to admit that they are in the wrong, nor to apologize for doing wrong. Probably no experience could have trained Mr. Greeley to any thing which requires what is called honor, or what is called justice.

Unfortunately, he was born without those sentiments. And while experience and training may develop capacities that do exist, even if they are small, neither those means nor any others will add to a human soul capacities which it never had. In the mean while, this irritating condition of affairs was maintained with obstinacy, until the President's death. It was not from any disrespect to the memory of the dead, but from the plainest common sense, that President Brown's very first measure of importance was to direct steps to be taken to set ourselves right in this matter; and, in consequence, friendly forms of intercourse have been resumed. The increase of mutual unfriendly feeling it will take a far longer time to cure.

The same circumstances which have enabled me to give authentic details in other parts of this memoir, have put it into my power to give a thoroughly trustworthy account of that notorious affair, the so-called Yerger Assault. As is well known, Mr. Rust, an Arkansas member of Congress, once pumelled Mr. Greeley for calling names at him, instead of calling names back again. It must be that there is some pre-existent discord between Mr. Greeley's ways of talking and some people's views of civility. The Yerger assault, although more directly provoked, was provoked by a much grosser offence than that against Rust; but both the punishments were inflicted by Southern men. It is fortunate, I suspect, for Mr. Greeley, that Northern people have not such very violent sentiments about being told that they lie, or are damned fools; for, if they had, either Mr. Greeley would have long ago been beaten out of this troublesome world, or he would have had, like the gentlemen who boarded with the bold Buccleugh, to have —

“ Carved at the meal in gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine [if at all] through the helmet barred.”

It is hardly worth while to consider the third alternative of his acquiring the manners and habits of a gentleman.

However, the occurrence in question was as follows: Not long after Mr. Greeley's inauguration, Mr. Yerger (already favorably known as a murderer of much energy and success), together with a personal friend of his, Major Harry Gilmer of Maryland, called on the President for the purpose of arranging about a trifling matter of political interest, — in short, to ascertain exactly what appointment was to be conferred on Mr. Yerger in recompense for his efficient activity in securing the nomination and election of Mr. Greeley. Upon being announced, the two gentlemen were requested to walk into the President's private room; which they did, and found him busily occupied in writing. In this occupation — intrinsically a laudable and useful pursuit, though, like all other human employments, capable of being pursued at wrong times — he persevered with great zeal, without raising his head, speaking, or in any way recognizing the presence of the two visitors.

This went on for a number of minutes. Some people are very squeamish about forms and ceremonies. I regret to state that this conduct on the part of the Executive greatly disoblged Mr. Yerger and his friend, who stood hat in hand, and had expected a courteous reception.

“ I assure you,” said Mr. Yerger in his account of the business, — for this narrative was from his own mouth. — “ I assure you, I don't know why I should have expected courtesy from that quarter: there must have been some mistake in my bringing up, or else in his. But I did!”

After waiting until they were tired, Mr. Yerger got angry, and, as he said, “ quite forgot his political expectations,” in his indignation at finding himself “ waiting there like a nigger boy behind his master.” So he stepped around to where the President sat, and said, —

“ Mr. President, as you have sent for us to come in, have the goodness to stop writing a moment and attend to us.”

There was too much anger in his voice for any mistake now; and Mr. Greeley laid down his pen, and said peevishly, “ What the devil do you want, I should like to know?”

This quite overcame Yerger, who replied, —

“The first thing I want is a proper apology for your personal rudeness to Major Gilmor and to me.”

To this the reply was still briefer, to wit :

“Go to hell.”

Yerger instantly slapped Mr. Greeley across the face with his open hand, giving him so smart a blow that it knocked his head against the back of the high chair in which he sat. He drew back his hand to strike again, but restrained himself. He did, however, hold his clenched fist close under the President's nose, in the manner of a bouquet, and said, —

“If you were not too old, and a lout at that, that knows no better, I would whip you into apologizing. I am staying at the Ebbitt House. You will find I am there as usual, sir. Come, Gilmor!”

And the two deliberately retired, and left the White House without interruption; nor was any legal notice taken of the affair. Nor did Yerger find that any attempt was made from any quarter to impede his subsequent appointment as Deputy Collector at New Orleans, where he is still serving, apparently very acceptably.

The amiable disposition to overlook such peccadilloes as slaps, blows, horse-whippings, spittings and the like, having been a trait common to Mr. Greeley and to Mr. Bennett, it is possible that it belongs to the qualities necessary for the highest rank in journalism. The ineffable glory which the Church holds to be the just reward of the martyr's pains is an analogy which seems to uphold this view. The only difficulty, if there is any, will be in finding so great a contrast between the stripes and slaps of the editors on one hand, and a Presidency or a large bank-account on the other, as there exists between the insults and tortures of the martyr and the thrones and treasures which repay him in heaven.

Mr. Greeley, however, is at least consistent in his reluctance to punish. He does not believe in retribution, either in this world or the next, — unless it be through an editorial in “The Tribune.” He never wants any criminals punished in any way. His disgust at the idea of so disposing of murderers that they cannot go on murdering is well known. It is almost equally well known, that of all the convicts who were in prison at Mr. Greeley's inauguration, or who were afterwards put in, under sentences of United States Courts for crimes against the Federal laws, every single one has been pardoned out by this merciful chief magistrate. Indeed, the Federal prosecut-

ing officers have been for the last two years quietly delaying all the indictments they could, simply because they had not the least hope of getting any criminal punished until Mr. Greeley's term was over. And there is, at this very moment, a corresponding pressure of delayed cases urged for speedy trial on the criminal docket of every United States District Court in the country.

This list would be inexcusably incomplete without some reference to President Greeley's relations with his child, his favorite, his organ, his monument, "The New York Tribune." His intimates know that he really expected by the help of his paper to convert the Democratic Free Trade party to Republican and Protectionist principles. How vain the hope, is obvious now, and, one would think, was obvious then. The Democrats, a good many of them, can't read, and a good many of the rest won't; and those who can and will won't read any thing on the other side. This notion, therefore, was the merest fancy. There can be no doubt, also, that Mr. Greeley considered and was glad of the necessary enhancement of the money value of his paper from having a President as its chief owner and editor. This was natural enough. The value of one share of "Tribune" stock rose accordingly from \$10,000 (its par is \$1,000) to \$25,000; and even at that price it was soon impossible to buy one, particularly after the Ring proprietorship to be mentioned in the next chapter. Mr. Greeley constantly wrote for the paper, just as the first Napoleon used to write for "The Moniteur." I have at this moment in my possession his own copy, all ready for publication, of his first message, on slips of writing paper, interlined here and there with the familiar [*Comments by The Tribune*], and the last handful of remarks signed by him in his usual manner, "H. G." But the publication of this, which would of course have been improper, was prevented by Mr. Greeley's shrewd advisers.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

THE historical facts narrated in the preceding pages are given as specimens only; they are by no means a complete account. I have already referred to their double meaning. They had, indeed, a triple one, as Mr. Swedenborg's followers say the Bible has. For, as I said before, many persons considered them one series of disgraceful follies and blunders. They were looked upon in a different way by Mr. Greeley. That great, well-meaning, and misguided man believed them the links of a chain that bound the Democrats irresistibly to the work of re-electing him. It was for that sole purpose that he had acceded to them, and had brought the whole enormous influences of the Executive power and patronage to force them one after another upon the country. He knew perfectly well that the Democrats had made him President once, and, he believed, not only could do it again, — which is, I suppose, possible, for we are told that all things are possible with God, — but also that they *would* do it again; which is, I suppose, not possible. It is not possible to conceive it intended by the Democratic managers, for it would have been throwing away a political advantage. And it may without irreverence be assumed to be impossible for God, for it would have been a monstrous absurdity; and an absurdity, if any thing, is that which is not possible for Him.

As regards this belief of re-election, Mr. Greeley was like the first Napoleon, as described by the late Charles Phillips, — “Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, wrapt in the solitude of his own individuality.” Yes, indeed, gloomy enough. That two fools as colossal as that could be found in one world no bigger than this, is a prospect of the present state of human civilization altogether too gloomy for contemplation.

Mr. Greeley himself never said in so many words that he desired or intended his re-election. But neither did he ever say in that manner that he meant to be President. But the course of his actions through one series of years proved his

purpose in one case, and through another series in another case; nor would his positive denial make any difference with the facts. As well might Joab be believed, should he say that he was really interested to find Amasa's health good as he smote him in the fifth rib.

While all these measures were thus on Mr. Greeley's part so many advance payments on account of the second term, they were looked upon from still another — a third — point of view by the Democratic managers who dictated them. These shrewd and practical persons in all such matters dealt exactly as they had proposed to deal in the secret committee of February, 1872. The measures were put forth as the hunter shot in the story, — to hit if it was a deer, and to miss if it was a calf. If any of them succeeded, the Democracy was to have the credit; if not, the Republicans were to have the blame. Heads I win, tails you lose. Only, it was a surer policy to have things go wrong; for men are far readier to impute evil than good; and a series of public misfortunes and failures which could be charged to Republicans was the best possible preparative for the proposed open re-establishment in power of the Democratic party.

This way of reasoning was not patriotic, but it was extremely shrewd, and it proved perfectly just; for the popular and electoral majority which has carried Hoffman into office, instead of turning upon such a minute pivot as that on which balanced Mr. Greeley's fortunes, was the fourth largest (proportional) presidential majority ever received.

The melancholy and fatal effect upon President Greeley of the nomination at Peoria in June, 1876, has already been referred to. The announcement came upon him with a perfectly stunning effect; for the plans of the Hoffman leaders had been concerted with the same absolute secrecy and cool cunning that had served Mr. Greeley once, and now served against him exactly as well, like a good gun, which will blow out its owner's brains as readily as any one's else. Only, as one of the gentlemen of the national committee said to me, it was doubly wearisome in one particular, because they had first to go through a great deal of their committee-work before "the old man," and then do it pretty much all over again without him, for the real purpose.

However, the blow came. Mr. Greeley was in the telegraph office on the eventful day. The preliminary work of the Convention had been done, the platform read and adopted, and so on, and the first ballot came over the wires: —

“Whole number of votes, 672; necessary to a choice, 337. Greeley, 311; Hoffman, 300; all the rest scattering.”

Mr. Greeley, upon receiving the slip, read it, and made exactly the same remark as on receiving the news of his nomination in 1872.

“Well, that’s funny!” Had he fully comprehended, he would possibly have cried with the startled King of Israel, “There is treachery, O Ahaziah!” But Mr. Greeley never was much of a quoter of Scripture, and he did not at the moment fully comprehend. The clicking far-writer quickly spoke again: “Second ballot immediately taken.”

Then there was a pause, during which the unsuspecting victim beguiled the time by noting for the entertainment of his friends his own estimate of what the figures would be. They were these:

“Greeley, 671; scattering, 1; vote made unanimous by acclamation.” And he added, “I shall have to offer Hoffman the Secretaryship of State: that’s what *that* means.”

Hush!

Click, click, click!

“My God!” says the operator under his breath, and he turns as white as a sheet; for he feels that the news will hurt. But he instinctively hands the strip of paper, not directly to the President, but to one of the others, who passes it without reading at once to Mr. Greeley.

“Hell!” says the Executive, and the paper drops from his fingers. The next man snatches it up and reads, —

“Second ballot. Whole number of votes, 671. Necessary to a choice, 336. Hoffmann, 671.”

“It’s a damned lie!” cries out the unhappy President. “Repeat it, you rascal!”

The operator repeated accordingly; but, instead of a damned lie, it was a damning truth. Mr. Greeley saw that he had been fooled. Without uttering one single word more, he arose and departed.

All those who knew him at all had long been aware of the profound and intense political ambition which devoured Mr. Greeley, and which, with a few volcanic exceptions, such as the Seward letter of 1854, he had hidden with such immense perseverance from almost all the world. But one more surprise — a very sad one — was left for the cotemporaries of this remarkable man. Not all, even of those most intimate with him, had fully understood his ambition; not one single one of all, — not even himself, — however, imagined that together

with Daniel Webster's inexpressible longing to be President, Mr. Greeley possessed the same perilous susceptibility to disappointment. The less could any danger have been imagined possible from such a reason, since he had, in fact, gained the prize. Yet so it was. Hardly had the President reached home before he retired to his bed. Next morning he was roused with difficulty. He could scarcely be brought to transact the most necessary formal business; and upon a careful medical consultation which was at once held, it was decided that he had experienced a mild though definite apoplectic stroke, but — what was far more serious — that there were also evident signs of a softening of the brain, which must have been for some time coming on. It was necessary, they added, that he should at once discontinue all mental exertion whatever.

The melancholy scene was, however, soon mercifully closed. Mr. Greeley gradually sank, and after about three weeks, during which he slept all the time, and only spoke once, died quietly and without pain, at the White House. A little before his death there was, as so often happens, a brief partial return of intelligence. He moved in the bed, partly opened his eyes, and articulated with difficulty the words, "I'm going West."

It lends a touching significance to these words to remember that it is a constant tradition of the Indian tribes, that their Happy Hunting Grounds lie beyond the setting sun. This coincidence, it will be remembered, was used with affecting skill by Senator Davis in his obituary speech.

The Resurrection named in the heading of this chapter is that named on my title-page, the "Resurrection of the Ring." Whether the same will be a resurrection into official life at Washington, as the Ring itself evidently intends, or such a resurrection as people used to bestow on a vampire, when they dug him up, drove a stake through his heart, and buried him once more for good and all, remains to be seen. But it is generally known in well-informed business and political circles, that Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Tweed, Mr. Sweeney, and Mr. Oakley Hall, were, at the time of Mr. Greeley's death, possessed of more than half of the hundred shares of which "The Tribune" stock consists, and that they controlled, and do still control, the course of that paper. If it be asked why they should have permitted "The Tribune" to insert the exposure of the "Hoffmanite Treachery" referred to in the early part of this account, the answer is plain. They did so as an excellent measure towards hiding the fact of their ownership. As for its doing

them any harm, they are not in the habit of troubling themselves about what a newspaper says; for they know very well that they can get some other paper,—and very often the same one,—to say the opposite thing. And, besides, they did not know that Mr. Greeley was going to die; for this was just a week after the Peoria Convention. In accordance with these views, “The Tribune,” immediately after Mr. Greeley’s death, became an earnest advocate of Gov. Hoffman, and was generally supposed to have been a powerful promoter of his election.

A more dangerous circumstance, however, is this: a secret, for obvious reasons still more carefully guarded than the ownership of “The Tribune” shares, and one which only my own exceptional advantages have revealed to me, that Messrs. Tweed, Sweeney, & Co. have quietly managed to become the real owners of more than half the Southern claims pending before the Southern Compensation Commission. It is needless to enlarge upon the danger to the Treasury of the United States from a combination like that; when the worst and strongest members of the old Tammany Ring, with their most dangerous, because most respectable, pal in the President’s chair, controlling not merely the largest and most extensively-read newspaper in the United States, but the enormous power of the Executive patronage, — now reaching a total of seventy-two thousand appointees, — are moving directly forward to repeat, in the great arena of Federal power and wealth, the same infamies which, six years ago, made the great city of New York to stink in the nostrils of the whole world!

And this the voters of the United States have accomplished by putting Horace Greeley into the Presidential chair in 1872: truly a proud achievement!

POSTSCRIPT.

One word about myself. If President Hoffman should wish to communicate with me on any subject, the publishers will readily put him in communication with me at any time. Any suggestions from him, of a proper nature, will be favorably considered. He will do well, I will add, however, to recollect that, as Dryden sent word to the disobliging paymaster, Tonson, along with half a lampoon, “He who wrote these can write more.”

And one word to the voters of the United States. Gentlemen, you see what you have done. It is all your fault: every thing that goes wrong in the Government, in fact, is all your fault. For it is your duty to take all the pains that are necessary to acquaint yourselves with the real characters of candidates. And I counsel you all to remember one single rule that would have kept out of office every bad man that you have ever put in — which is a great many. That rule is this: CHOOSE NO CANDIDATE WHO WISHES FOR OFFICE.

N. B. — For my own part, I despise office-holding and office-holders with all my heart.

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